

Good Morning 637

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Family
Greet Sto.
**WILLIAM
GILBERT**

Finding Jokes?— Just Hard Work Brother Sighs JACK GREENALL

"HOW on earth do you get a new idea every day?" cartoon fans repeatedly ask me. "Is it done by divine guidance, the oodja-board, pickin' 'em with a pin, or due to an outsize in-craniums?"

For the life of me, I'm blown if I can answer the question! Far back in prehistoric times, when some brainy cave-dweller coughed up that evergreen, "Why does a chicken cross a road?" and sent it to the editor of "Prehistoric Times," enclosing a stamped addressed ox-team for return if rejected, getting laughs has been far from a joke. Trying to strike matches on soap is child's play to this!

There's more snags to the job than getting liver from the butcher! Take language, for instance. No swear words are permitted. If you've heard the average cartoonist's vocabulary this snag in itself is enough to strangle a good idea at birth! "Dash," "Blimey," "Darned" and "Gosh" are allowed. "Crikey" is not too well received, while anything worse is guaranteed to land you on the parish relief!

Cor! it's tough! Blimey, even the most hardened lag is allowed to swear before a packed court-room on oath!

Diseases must never be mentioned. If a cartoonist must have a disease for his joke he must invent a fictitious name for one. The medical profession has nothing on some of the "boys" at this!

Jokes on marriage must always be on Ma's side; any attempt by the gagster to portray Dad taking it out of Ma



"Bye, bye, Walter! Thank Ma for the lunch, and be careful how you cross the road!"

Useless Eustace, famous newspaper feature by Jack Greenall.

On the other hand, Ma can lambast Pop till the crack of doom with anything from the homely rolling-pin to a Churchill tank and it's considered okeydoke! Married man in cartoons must always be a worm, and an unturnable one at that.

Reserve like this is apt to hamper one a little. Frankly, I'd give the shirt off my back (if I had one) to portray a

tough kid "knocking off" a rope of "sparklers" or a rationed egg!

Strange, too, the nipper in illustrated jokes must suffer no violence. City magnates can spiral nose-dive on orange peel, blokes in accident wards can be swathed like Egyptian mummies, gouty colonels can sport nether extremities as big as barrage balloons, but not even a pimple must mar the infant. As compensation, freckles are allowed. Freckles!

Religion is never mentioned. As regards the human races, Huns, Japs, the Scots, the Irish and the Hebrews are considered fair game. Stick to these and the cheques may roll in!

Hangings, hospital operations and violence in any form find few markets. (A little blood-letting sometimes might ring the bell!)

Looking at these formidable barriers to creating "gags," you're probably wondering where the heck new jokes are located.

Brother, it's work! My average over the past seven years has been about fifteen per week, and the marvel is I'm still considered fit to be without a keeper!

Of course, the strain's beginning to tell. Of late I've been caught gibbering to myself and staring into space with vacant optics! If by any chance you run across a wild-eyed cove who looks as though civilisation has crashed, and he's the cause of it, that'll be me.

One practically goes into a coma dreaming up gags. These trances are darned risky, too. I was once in one of these for

You've Still a Chance . . .

A RECENT B.B.C. Brains Trust decided that age meant nothing in reckoning up a man's capabilities. You are as old as you feel, and if you are going to be famous, you may hit the bell at nineteen or at ninety.

The men who have left footprints on the sands of Time made them early or late just as it happened. Some were hardly out their teens; others were well over the three score years and ten, and still going strong.

Alexander the Great (the

chap who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer) was only seventeen when he fought his first great battle. John Keats was twenty-two when he published "Endymion," one of the greatest poems in the English language.

Dickens, although he was famous most of his life, first struck the limelight at twenty-five, with "Pickwick Papers." Isaac Newton was only 23 when the apple fell and gave him a sore head and the clue to the Law of Gravitation. And at twenty-six, Shakespeare had published "Love's Labour Lost."

At the other end of the scale, Gladstone became Prime Minister for the last time when he was eighty-three; Disraeli, at seventy, and Churchill at sixty-six.

And Titian, the great painter, produced his most famous work, "The Battle of Lepanto," when he was only two years off his century.

Mind you, it is true that most men work up to fame between

the ages of forty and fifty. Columbus bumped against the shores of the U.S.A. when he was forty-one. Drake singed the King of Spain's beard when he was forty-two. Beatty fought the battle of Jutland at forty-five, and Nelson died at Trafalgar when he was forty-seven.

Dictators seem to bloom at a comparatively early age. Napoleon was head man of the French by the age of thirty; Robespierre, at thirty-four. Mussolini made his famous march on Rome (in a railway carriage well behind the advance) when he was thirty-nine. And Hitler was dictator of Germany at forty-five.

Well, there it is. Whatever your age you've still got a chance to get in the history books. But if you decide that you'd like to be a Dictator, so as to get in early, don't overlook the fact that they rarely last long.

D. N. K. Bagnall



THE landlord had just turned the key and opened the bar-room door for the evening session at the White Hart Hotel, St. Teath, Cornwall, when the first customer to walk in was the "G.M." representative.

When he announced himself to your father, Stoker William Henry Gilbert, there was nothing in that bar too good for him; but, alas, it takes a clear head and a steady hand to get the home news written down and a picture of the family good enough to print!

First, the family have been seeing a lot of your girl friend, Marion Found, who works at the Post Office. She visits the family circle and usually monopolises the conversation with talk of you.

That kid brother and sister of yours are certainly live wires. At the church hall concert in aid of the church funds, your little sister Dorothy tap-danced and sang, having first stationed in the front row your young

brother George as a possible "cheer leader" in case the audience lacked enthusiasm!

But as Dorothy sang, in your honour, she said, "The Sailor with the Navy Blue Eyes," and danced well, from what I can hear of it, the audience "gave out" gratefully, and brother George's cheers were drowned in the general applause.

Dorothy made repeated bows for several curtains. It will interest you to know she wore for the dance number that old pair of naval trousers you bought, but left behind as being too tight for you. She remodelled them as part of her costume!

They all expect to find you grown to at least 6ft. by the time you return, and apart from that comfortable little family waiting to greet you with open arms, there is the little Post Office civil servant for whom every day you are away is a day too long.

Mother and father and the kids send their love, and think the village is a bit quiet without you.

so long that if by a lucky chance the local undertaker hadn't stuck his rule in my eye while taking my measurements, there'd be a good meat ration going spare!

The dictionary can be a whale of a help. There I sit, when all honest folk are in bed, dictionary on knee, bounding from "abjure" to "absent," "beluga" to "bulge," etc., till a word hits me between the optics like a blitz! Then I came that word for all I'm worth.

For example, the other evening, after wading through "orchestra" to "orchid," and "ordain" to "ordeal," I spotted "orderly."

From "orderly," my whole frame quivering like a corvette in full chase, I thought of orderly officer, a reverse word suggested "untidy." Result, joke. "Batman in Army tent, to pal, as he sees equipment strewn all over the place: 'Blimey! and he calls himself an orderly officer!'"

New fashions, new games, new phrases, all are manna from heaven to the daily cartoonist. "Get up them stairs!" paid the rent for one week, while Mr. Churchill and his "Some chicken, some neck!" nearly laid the family fortune! Animals are always a source of inspiration to us. I happily recollect the leopard's spots kept me comfortably for a pleasant week-end at Broadstairs, while the net results of the elephant's trunk and the camel's hump secured for me a natty line in gent's suitings!

The Home Guard was a fairy godmother, while the unspeakable Adolf would writhe with rage at the good British dough he's unconsciously put in my pocket.

But, I hear you say, suppose if, in spite of all this, ideas fail to materialise, what then?

Well, sojourning in the local tavern, toying first with a gin and bitter, meandering with an old and mild, and on to a port and lemon, one soon learns not to care a tinker's cuss whether one gets an idea or not!

The boys call it "thirst after knowledge"! So there you

Monkey Tricks at No. 12 for P.O. Frank Pepper



WHEREVER did you get that monkey your mother are keeping well, and so is looks after for you at 12, Fern-dale Road, Forest Gate, E.7, P.O. Frank Pepper?

The blessed thing swore at us in fifteen different languages while we were there, but fortunately for us we didn't understand one of them. Yes, Frank, Jenny must certainly have learned a thing or two from the Submarine Service.

Apart from Jenny, the other household pets, Mick the cat and Joey the canary, are still as well as ever. Both your mother and father are keeping well, and so is your brother Tom. Joe often writes home, and appears to be enjoying Naval life, while another sailor expected home soon is Will Steadman, of the Merchant Service. Mother sends her love to you, Frank, and hopes to see you again soon, meanwhile, she has pleasant memories of the rabbit you sent her. It was delicious, she said! Our photographer tried to get Jenny in the picture for you, but she just wouldn't be "took."

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Loss of "MEDWAY"

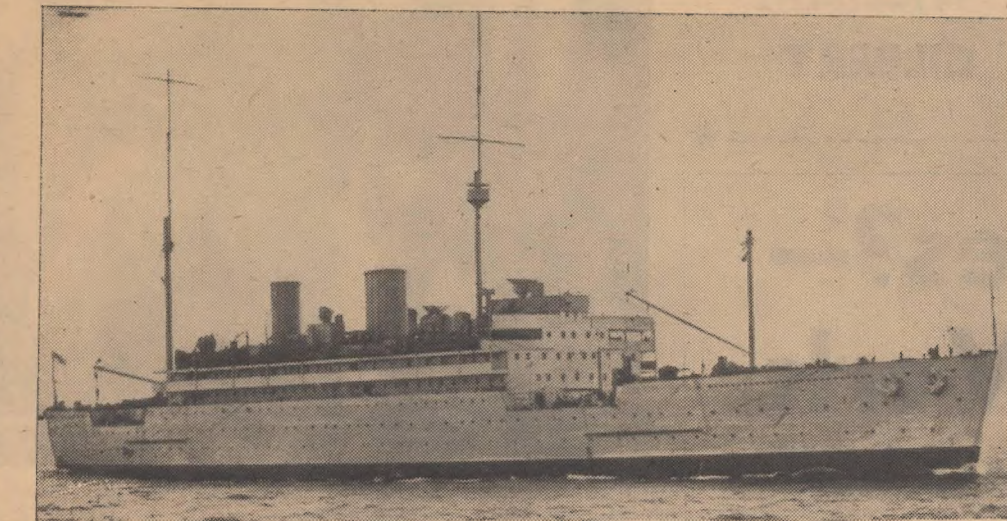
TO the Navy as a whole at Alexandria, in the June of 1942, the names of Bir Hachim and Knightsbridge didn't mean much, other than for being pretty hectic battle-grounds at the time; and, as the day went against our Army, to the uninitiated it appeared just another of those mutual readjustments of the attenuated lines of communication which had taken place back and forth across the desert on many previous occasions.

But when Rommel reached out Eastward of Mersah Matruh, our strong bulwark in Egypt, things began to look black indeed, and plans for the removal of the Fleet were put in hand.

Now the submariners viewed this with particular dissatisfaction. Having struggled ceaselessly against the enemies' supply lines from Europe for a couple of years it now seemed that their efforts had been of no avail; especially so to the remnants of the 10th Submarine Flotilla, who had been driven, bloody but unbeaten, from their base in Malta by the Luftwaffe. To them, after sixteen months experience of what it feels like to operate only 70 miles from the enemies' air bases, Alexandria seemed to provide an almost indecent lack of adequate shelter.

That the military might feel some slight resentment in the Navy's apparent lack of faith is understandable, but if Alexandria became untenable, what then?

No mere sailorman could forese the glory that was to be El Alamein, and it was vital to preserve some sort of fleet, although the Mediterranean Fleet consisted at that time of only four cruisers, a handful of destroyers, one and a half submarine flotillas and a motley



host of small craft; and by 29th June preparations to move were well under way.

The depot ship "MEDWAY," together with her Greek sister "CORINTHIA," were to proceed to Haifa, from whence the submarines were to carry on their business. The 10th Submarine Flotilla, being shore-based at Malta, had nothing but themselves and what they could carry with them, and for them to move was a simple matter; but with the 1st Submarine Flotilla it was a very different story.

Their home was the splendidly equipped "MEDWAY," and she and the submarines having been based at Alexandria for over two years a vast stock of essentially submarine gear had been accumulated ashore, as much of which as possible had to accompany the flotilla.

German U-boats had been re-

ported in the Eastern Mediterranean, and it was no Cassandra-like foreboding, but wise forethought, which decreed that the really vital necessities should be split; half to go in "MEDWAY," and half either by road or in another convoy.

The day of departure broke with a brisk air raid developing at the approaches to the harbour, and it was obvious that an attempt was being made to mine the Fleet in.

The scenes on board the immaculate "MEDWAY" during the 30th June beggar description. It was an orderly chaos reminiscent of the maddest of mad "General Drill" Mondays. Submarines edged alongside clamouring to fill up with fuel, stores, torpedoes and gear. Empty lighters were towed away to the dockyard against a steady stream of filled ones crawling with jabbering natives. Derricks and cranes

waved, lowered and hoisted ceaselessly all day long. Every square inch of deck space was cluttered with such a miscellany of articles as would have made the eyes of Mr. F. W. Woolworth green with envy.

Around, above and among this orgy of stores crawled a bewildered and slightly exasperated Store-keeping Officer with bundles of notes; endeavouring, no doubt, to keep a check on things, and, if humanly possible, to obtain a signature or two. But nobody worried about supply and receipt notes; whatever came to hand was whisked out of the lighters and dumped on board until, by sunset, "MEDWAY" could, literally, carry no more.

The sweepers had been busy all day in the searched channel, and at dusk the convoy was to rendezvous at the entrance to follow them down it to the open sea. The submarines,

By Commander G. TANNER,
O.B.E., R.N. (Ret.)

having to proceed submerged might of the Mediterranean during daylight, were to branch Fleet.

off to starboard half-way down the channel whilst the convoy continued to the end before making a slant to the Northward, and then direct to Haifa as fast as possible.

It was a sad departure as the various ships made their way in the gathering dusk down the waters of the harbour empty now save for the dark, silent vessels of the interned French warships. One could not help wondering what those on board were thinking then as they watched the proceedings which virtually emptied the great expanse of the harbour which, during the long, weary months they had lain there inactive, had been filled with all the

They had witnessed the triumphant return of the small force which had sunk the "COLLEONI" of the Fleet after the attack on Taranto, of the "ILLUSTRIOS" escaped from the inferno of Malta, of the whole Fleet after the victory off Matapan, and now this—all that remained of a once-powerful fleet being forced to leave its main base.

The miscellaneous convoy crowded about and through the entrance. Now Captain (S./M.) 10 had proposed to remain in "MEDWAY" for the short journey, but Captain (S./M.) 1 would have none of it, believing (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

5. Who discovered radio-activity? What was his nationality?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Mabel, Joan, Violet, Vivian, Joyce, Margaret.

Answers to Quiz in No. 636

1. A urubu is a musical instrument, Indian shawl, South American vulture. African dance. Arab horse?
2. If somebody gave you a bunch of "choop," what would you have?
3. What is the other common name for the wildebeest?
4. James I of England was also what King of Scotland?

1. Kind of seaweed.
2. (a) Small shark, (b) bird, (c) kind of duck.
3. Graham Bell; American.
4. Lady Jane Grey, 1553.
5. Witham.
6. C is never a vowel; others are.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THE "stand-easy" order for the Fire Guard of the country came both suddenly and unexpectedly, and while on the whole it brought with it a feeling of relief and duty done, it was possible to look with something very near regret on the passing of the days, or rather nights, which had brought us closer together than ever we had been before.

It is good to look back, too, on the lighter side of the business—of the nights when I used to share a fire-watching post with Ron Richards, long before "Good Morning" was born. It seems funny now to look back on the night when the regular fire-watcher, or "The Professional," as we preferred to call him, woke us both up when he came too noisily up the stairs to see whether that last one had hit us, though I can assure you it wasn't so funny at the time.

With the Home Guard and now the Fire Guard folding up, some ingenious person will have to think of another excuse for we poor civilians when we've been working late, at the office!



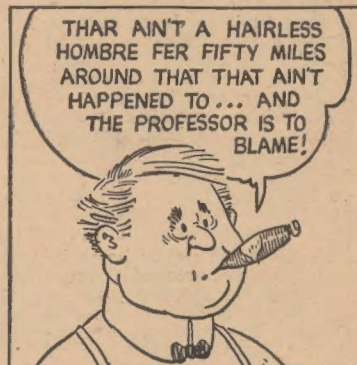
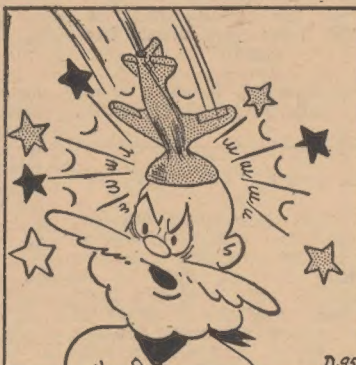
At a recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace I met Private Evelyn Wybergh, officially the oldest A.T.S. "girl" in the Service, as she left with her British Empire Medal in her pocket.

I can't say that she didn't look her age, for she has not disclosed just how old she is. When she joined the Service a few months after the war started she gave her age as fifty-five which makes her over sixty now on official records, but what her true age is we can only guess.

Every day during the last war she left her home in the little Flintshire farming village of Overton to ride on horseback to a munition factory at Ruabon, four miles away, where she worked for her country.

One thing still puzzles the A.T.S. How she came to be turned down as too old when she first tried to join up right at the start of the war!

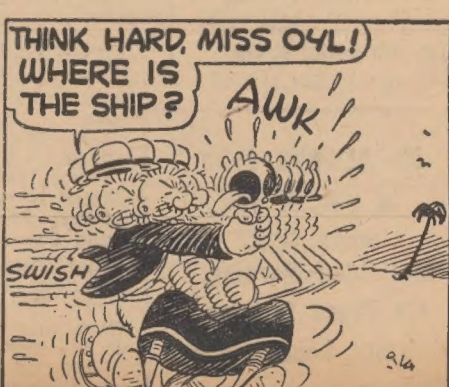
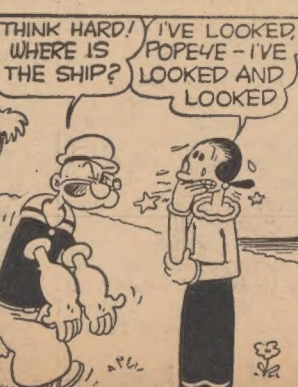
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 576

- 1. Behead a musical effect and get a brook.
- 2. Here are two common notices of which the words, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Can you disentangle them?—Fo wreaksh god on eth slarrucic wrabee on.
- 3. What girl's name has OL for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He mounted the — and — a few words of thanks to the chairman.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 575

- 1. B-ox.
- 2. Get on or get out; it may never happen.
- 3. CynThia.
- 4. Tone, note.

JANE

The Loss of "Medway"

(Continued from Page 2)

That mine did more than drench the deck of the nearby destroyer, for brckwork was shaken from her furnaces and, more important still, her asdic installation was damaged; but the force swept on into the darkness towards the comparative safety of deeper water.

The night produced no further excitement, except for an encounter between one of the escorts and one of our own submarines which was ultimately solved to the satisfaction of both parties, and the following day broke fine and clear.

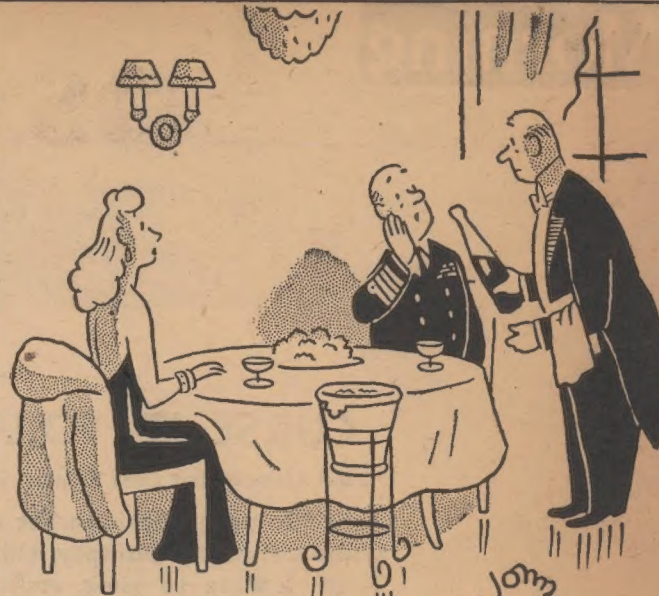
The sea was calm, and in the brilliant sunshine the convoy made a pleasant sight as it ploughed steadily to the North-East; "MEDWAY," in her orthodox camouflage of olive green and grey, followed by the squat "CORINTHIA," surrounded by seven destroyers with a cruiser "weaving" at high speed astern of the whole party.

The attack came utterly without warning. At 0924 hours torpedoes struck "MEDWAY'S" starboard side amidships and by the mainmast.

The great ship listed rapidly and then steadied herself to such an extent that it was thought possible that she might be taken in tow; but it was not to be. The list increased and her stern went down and, nineteen minutes after the first explosion, her bows rose vertically and slid out of sight.

It was as well that few submariners saw her end, for this fine ship had been home, at one time or another over many years, to nearly every peace-time officer and rating in the submarine branch; on the China Station, where she had remained since her first commission in 1930, she had become a veritable institution known to all from Wei Hai to Singapore.

READ THE END TO-MORROW

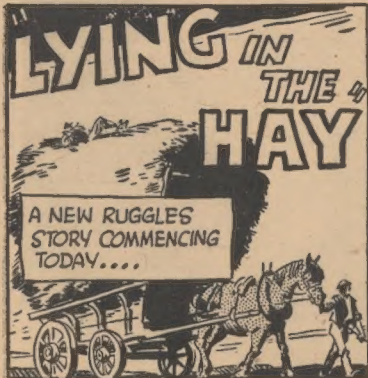


"How much on the bottle?"

Deeper and deeper into the beleaguered Reich....



RUGGLES

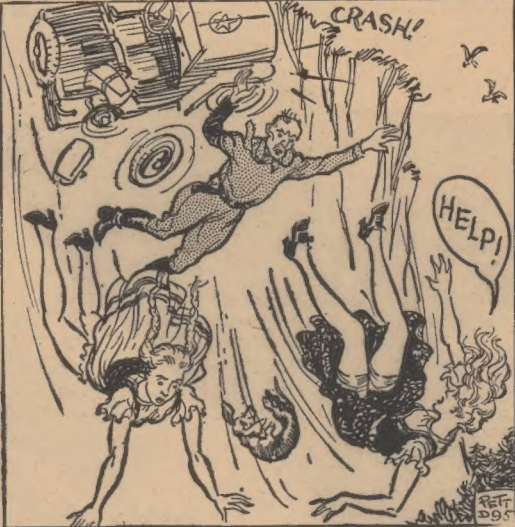
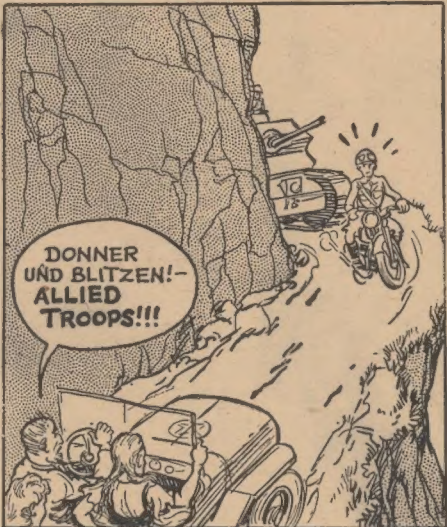


GARTH



JUST JAKE

About this time young Jitrus Tallow, of the fine old firm of Tallow, Candle, Grease, Spot, Tallow and Tallow, was showing his paces. He was a model of shifty subterfuge and had often extricated my father from some very tricky charges—so my father again consulted him on a ticklish situation...



Left Hearted

NINE people out of ten would be prepared to swear their hearts are on the left sides of their bodies. They can feel the beat, and they put their fingers an inch or two above the bottom ribs on the left breast to prove it!

But the plain fact is that if you cut a body cleanly in two through the centre of the breastbone, the heart itself would almost be sliced exactly in two. There would only be a trifle more on the left side.

The reason why most people believe the heart is on the left side is because the left ventricle is on the left side of the heart, and the beat of this organ of the heart which sends the blood into the body is the most easily detected movement. But this is only one of the four heart chambers, although the largest.

A mistaken notion associated with this is that sharp pains in the left side of the chest are due to heart trouble. In the majority of cases these sudden twinges are more likely to be associated with rheumatism, pleurisy, and even indigestion.

There are a dozen more likely causes than heart disease, especially if the pains occur independently of special physical or emotional effort.

Pains due to heart disease are often dull rather than sharp, and die away gradually rather than quickly. They nearly always follow exertion.

J. M. Michaelson

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SHAVER DULL
TUN MATINEE
OBTAIN VATS
L HUTCHES T
ICED HORSE
DORIC STUNS
T BOAT MAP
PEDLAR MICA
IRRELEVANT
TIE SNIGGER
HEWN AMI D

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								
11								
14								
20								
24								
27								
31								
35								

CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Firm belief, 6 Tolerate, 10 Speared, 11 Boy's name, 12 Instant, 14 One's look, 16 Lacerated, 17 Dubbed, 20 Silence, 22 Mineral, 23 Help, 24 Shrub, 27 Smack, 28 Outspread, 31 Asiatic State, 33 Pretence, 34 Shut up, 35 Fat man, 36 Conditions.

CLUES DOWN.—1 The things, 2 Thoroughly, 3 Impel, 4 Slap, 5 Rocky Hill, 6 Insect, 7 Sea-room, 8 Fools, 9 Corrects, 13 White West Indians, 15 Swallows, 18 Not, 19 Horse command, 20 Chit-chat, 21 Harnessed, 25 Copying, 26 Awaken, 29 Jetty, 30 Information, 32 Card, 33 Contracted.

CURSE IT, FOILED AGAIN!

(A Lament for Lost Chances—in verse or worse.)

Ann (Oomph) Sheridan sat on a wall,
Unlike Humpty-Dumpty, this gal didn't fall,
From a date to view etchings, she turned with
disdain,
Which leaves us NOT holding this Baby, again!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Etchings,
indeed! His
technique's
lousy, that's
what it is!"

